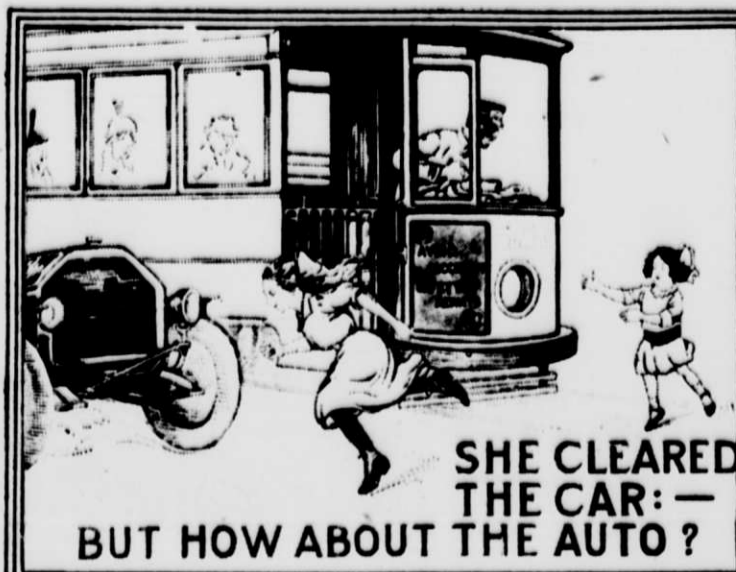


# TRAINING YOUNGSTERS TO HELP IN SAFETY CRUSADE



Drawings which warn children of street dangers.

## Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company Financing Lectures to School Children on How to Prevent Accidents in Streets and Elsewhere

"NOW look-er here, Jimmie Noonan, 'f ye don't quit foolin' an' mind what yer about I'll make it ma business to see that ye never will git a chance to be elected on 'the safety patrol.'"

The effect of these words was marvellous, but the casual passerby could not make out what it was all about. Here were healthy, everyday school children drawn up as if on parade and obeying the commands of one of their fellows not much older than themselves. Why didn't they scatter hastily to take their books home, the sooner to get at their play? The policeman at the corner must have read the puzzled look on the face of the observer, for he volunteered to enlighten her.

"You bet, lady, I'm glad these kids are learnin' to take care of 'emselves, for it was an awful job I had a-lookin' after 'em when school was out. Many a time ma heart was in ma mouth when they'd run helter-skelter across the street an' almost git knocked down an' run over."

Even now the onlooker could not grasp the situation, as she had never seen children starting homeward from school in such orderly fashion before. How did it all come about?

Early last year the American Museum of Safety began agitating a children's safety crusade, the direct outcome of the long list of accidents annually in the streets of New York. There was the mute evidence of the statistics of 1912 which recorded 195 persons killed by trolley cars, 91 killed by automobiles and 229 killed by wagons of all descriptions, aside from the still greater number of more or less seriously injured. But fire is no less a menace, as the following table shows:

Cause	No. fires.
Careless handling of matches.....	115
Careless handling of candles.....	35
Careless disposal of cigars and cigarettes.....	90
Careless handling of kerosene.....	10
Overheated stoves and stovepipes.....	49
Curtains ignited by gas lights.....	216
Unknown.....	274
Total.....	542

Then it was suggested that perhaps the best way to get at the very root of the evil was to begin with the child, and how better to reach the child than through the schools and public institutions? The experiment was well worth making and the Board of Education was approached. The board readily consented to set aside a certain period of the school day to be devoted to the teaching of safety provided the necessary funds could be raised. That seemed to be the stumbling block.

Then the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company came forward and agreed to finance such a project in the Brooklyn schools for six months. A bureau of public safety was promptly organized within the Brooklyn Rapid Transit system and Mrs. Jessie Phillips McCall was appointed supervisor. The next step was the formation of the Brooklyn committee of public safety, whose endeavor it will be to cooperate and to "interest civic organizations, the boy scouts, churches and public institutions in the appointment of safety committees and the study of local questions bearing on the matter of public safety." The whole scheme, in fact, has met with such approval and the pioneer work under the practical management of Mrs. McCall has proved so successful that the office is to continue and the question of public security henceforth to be a permanent feature in the schools of that borough.

Perhaps you do not understand why a corporation like the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company should have been willing to spend \$17,000 to teach children how to guard against the dangers that modern life has brought with it. According to statistics gathered it was found that "once in approximately 1,000 car trips a car and a pedestrian come into contact or an accident occurs in the 'boarding and alighting' category." As the surface lines of that system alone operate over 30,000 car trips a day between terminals, can't you see what this means in the way of annual cost to that railroad company for indemnification? As T. S. Williams, president of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company, has summed the matter up:

"The company that I represent naturally has perhaps the most at stake of any organization in this community in preventing accidents. We feel, however, that as an organization working alone, by the installation of proper appliances, machinery, equipment, and so on, we are doing our measure of duty toward the public and toward ourselves, yet a large part of the suffering and loss that comes from accidents is beyond our control.

"I think I am safe in saying that a very large portion of it comes as the result of carelessness of individuals. To the extent that we can make the growing generation more alert, and the generation that is now mature more alert, to that extent will we diminish this number of avoidable accidents."

But now for a brief sketch as to the



Members of School Safety Patrol escorting younger children across dangerous corner.

actual work with the children. Lecturers go from school to school accompanied by a safety wagon equipped with model trolley cars, gas stoves, caution signals, and a large variety of original drawings depicting every conceivable kind of street accident and other casualties that might arise because of ignorance or the careless handling of matches, fire, gas, electricity, live wires, &c. Moving pictures also play a very important part in illustrating the talks.

Let us say that the subject chosen for the thirty minute period allowed each class is the use and the abuse of the gas stove. After the lecturer has shown the pupils just how the miniature gas stove should be handled, and has pointed out by pictures the penalties of disregard to ordinary precautions, the following conversation ensues:

Lecturer—How can we tell gas is escaping?

Pupil—We smell it.

Lecturer—What is the danger from breathing escaping gas?

Pupil—You will die.

Lecturer—Well, none of us want to die that way, so we must remember always to turn off the burner cock tightly after we have used the gas. What becomes of the gas when it escapes?

Pupil—You lose it.

Lecturer—Indeed you do, and every bit that you lose or waste you have to pay money for. What should we remember to do before lighting the oven of a gas stove?

Pupil—Open the door.

In this way every subject to be discussed is graphically presented; and the children have responded in a manner that is illustrated by the following extracts from some of their compositions after a safety lecture.

Little Aaron F. wrote in part: "When I came home from school I looked at



A ride that may cost life or limb.

the fire escape. I saw boxes on it, so I got off." The reaching of the parents of this campaign and to help bring to the children is no small part; this about literature is distributed

among the pupils which they are encouraged to take into their homes. After hearing the story of the Triangle shirtwaist factory fire one girl expressed herself as follows: "Many thoughtless men light a cigar or cigarette and throw the lit match in the waste basket. They go on with their work and suddenly turn around and see a great blaze. All this is due to lack of thought."

Another boy remarked: "A few things that can help you be safe is your car, he can hear things coming, your eye is another helper, he can see things coming, and your nose can smell. If you keep all of these helpers on the job you are pretty sure of being safe. And above all things never take a chance."

Another phase of the work is the safety patrol. This is made up of twelve or fifteen of the older boys chosen by the principal of each school because of their special fitness. One is then elected chief and all have badges. Just before school is out these station themselves at given posts around the building, and it is their duty to guide the younger children safely over the dangerous crossings and to prevent the confusion in the streets, which all have witnessed after dismissal and which is so disturbing to vehicular traffic.

As the movement has progressed further interest has been awakened in the pupils by asking them to report to the chief of the safety patrol any dangerous conditions they may come across in street or building. Bulletin boards have been supplied each school and on these the information so obtained is posted and carefully read by all. After two weeks a record is made and submitted to the supervisor of the Committee on Public Safety, who takes up the various complaints with the proper authorities.

Manhattan is less fortunate than her neighbor, for while a similar committee

## Board of Education Has Set Aside Thirty Minute Period in School Day to Be Devoted to Subject—Lectures Illustrated

has just been organized on the strength of the good example set forth by the school work that Brooklyn has now under way. In fact in no other city has this subject of safety to life and limb been so well introduced in the schools, although in parts of California, Washington, Oregon, Illinois, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and New Jersey work along this line has been going on for some time.

Inasmuch as the last census revealed that there are 29,499,136 children in the United States under fifteen years of age it is to be hoped that the fact that has thus been set rolling may reach afar, so that the children of the future will be so taught and trained that the enormous tolls of death and injuries which now exist will cease, not entirely because human nature will be the same in the future as in the past, but because it will be greatly reduced."

## THE HINDU SAGE.

INTO one of the big downtown advertising offices strolled a little man, olive brown of complexion, straight of hair, with full eyes and thin nervous fingers. In the midst of the bustle and rush of the office the little stranger hesitated awkwardly, timidly, looking about him in a futile search for a friendly face. In the world of materialism he felt a little out of place, and he was about to turn back when he saw a man, shouting orders, stamping papers, banging typewriters, stamping up and down in self-sufficient dash of this visitor from the far land of the beyond. For though the Hindu sage who stood and lived in the centre of the whirl of the twentieth century is a successful business man and holds a high degree from a European university, his life is not in the slightest with what he chooses to call "the things that are."

"No, many of the stories of the East are not true," replied the little doctor when at last he had been discovered by his capitalist friend and employee in the inner office. "For instance, it is extremely doubtful that the phenomenon of the Yogi who throws a rope into the air and then climbs up the rope has ever been authenticated by veracious testimony."

"Why, of course not, that's ridiculous," interrupted the hard-boiled friend. "And yet," the little doctor patted his fingers together, staring hard at his companion, "and yet I have seen a man raise himself from the ground without any external aid."

There was no mistaking the earnestness of the assertion; yet the capitalist snorted a trifling and exclaimed: "But the law of gravitation!" "Yes, my friend," rejoined the doctor, "and just what is the law of gravitation?"

"Why, it's the law that—"

"The birds, the balloon, the clouds, do they comply with that law?"

"Why, yes, they all come down eventually."

"The man came down all right," said the New Yorker, "but what next?"

"There is nothing next," replied the Hindu sage, "for the whole system may seem to be based upon that which is a physical development, only the East have studied the development of the body for over five thousand years; hence we have a knowledge of efficiency, unapproachable and incomprehensible to you."

"We work best on a material basis, on the basis of the body, and sleep. That which we eat, we digest, and there is no waste of energy, expenditure of energy, and we are sceptical; I cannot convince you of muscular perfection. What can I do?"

"You speak of physical perfection, but when you are in the highest degree of muscular efficiency perhaps I may be able to show you a little thing."

Quickly the doctor slid off his coat and stood in his shirt sleeves. "Have you a tape measure?"

"Yes? Good. Will you measure my chest?"

Then slowly, regularly, the doctor began to inhale great draughts of air. Twenty times at least he breathed through the nose, and until the buttons of his shirt were strained at their fastenings.

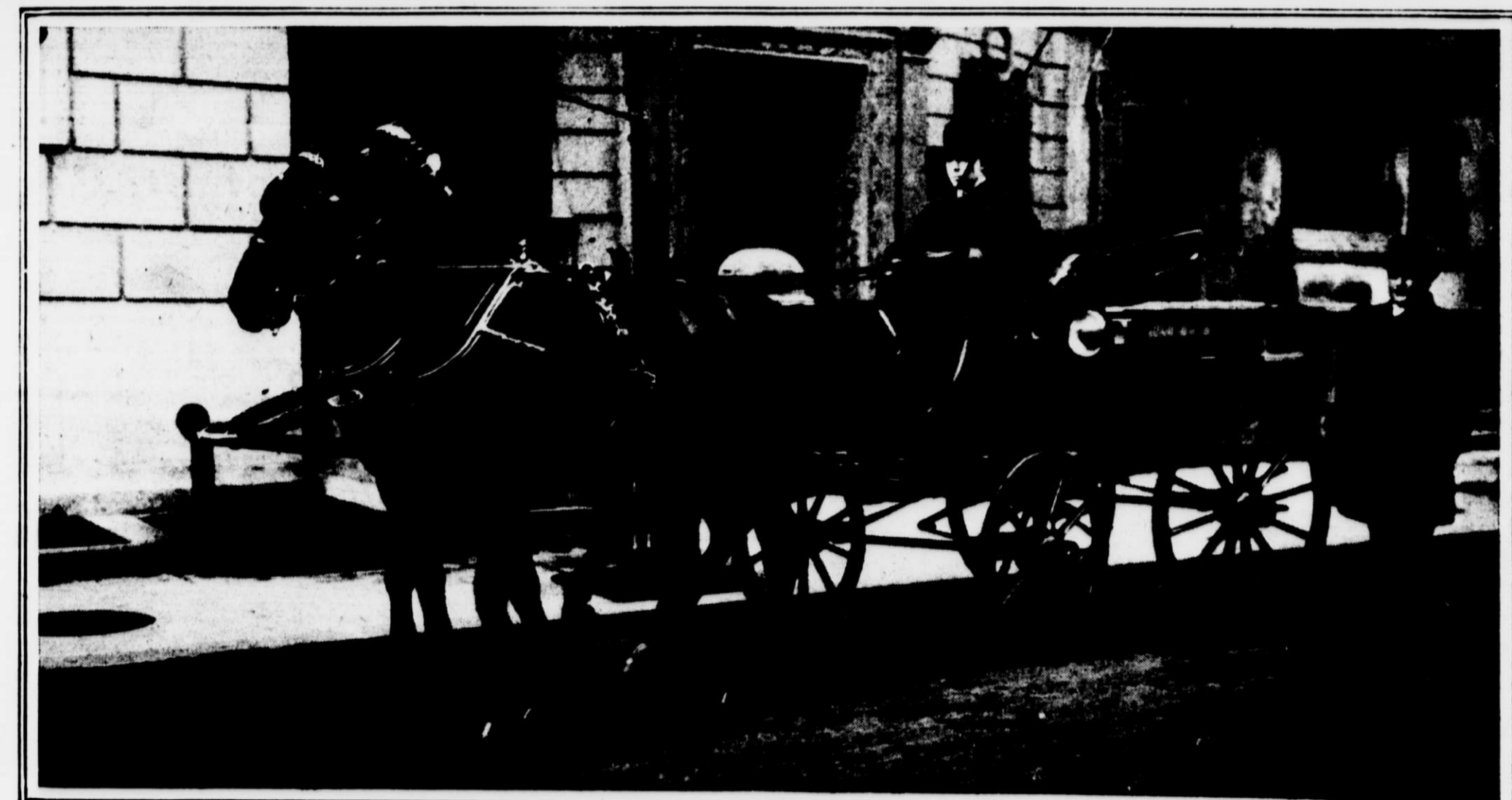
"Now measure," he said. The tape showed an expansion of one and one-half inches.

"That is but one of the things I can do," smiled the doctor, "I can myself gravely from the office."

"But, great Scott, man, that's a bigger expression than a yodel, a hammer thrower, a professional man can show," gasped the American.

"And," the doctor drew his tape to the full dignity of his five and one-half inches, "you can see that I am a professional athlete."

## John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Drives to His Downtown Office Each Morning



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Mr. Rockefeller is an enthusiastic horseman and can be seen any morning on Fifth Avenue driving a span of black thoroughbreds.